PATLAR

VOICE OF GAY AMERICA - OCTOBER 1988

HAPPY HALLOWEEN

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NATIONAL COMING-OUT DAY
OCTOBER 11, 1988

Take Your Next Step!

How Do You Say "I Love You"
conclusion
Page 12

DONT MISS
THE CONTINUING SAGA
ON THE ROAD
PAGE 20

PATLAR
Voice of Gay America

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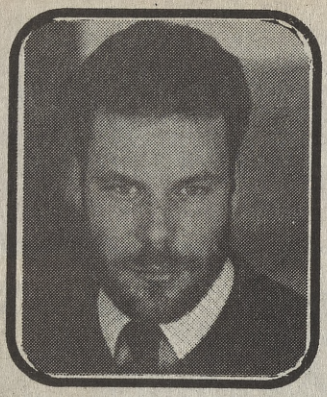
COVER PERSONALITIES:

Our cover photo for October comes from Dayton, Ohio. The men pictured are performers from "Nite-Life Productions." They are currently

"ONE MAN'S OPINION..."

by Mel Dahl



In the Bible we read that Samson killed a thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, and having listened to the politicians for far too long in this election year, the Philistines have my condolences. I know how they felt.

If it's an election year, the subject must be unity. For weeks the gay press has been nothing but unity--how much we need it , how much political mileage it will get us, and how powerful it is. The gay community (or, if you prefer, the gay and lesbian community) is exhorted to stand behind those candidates and issues that are on "our side."

With no disrespect to the leadership intended (actually with plenty intended, but that is a subject for another column), I wish that I may live so long as to never hear another word about the need for unity in the gay community. Actually that statement is too strong; I recognize the need for unity on issues that legitimately are gay issues. But I fear that the bandwagon mentality is both ill-advised and unhealthy.

To start with, there really is no such thing as a "gay community," although there is a strong gay subculture. Gay people, like our non-gay cousins, come in all sizes, shapes, and political views. There are gay Republicans, gay Democrats, gay Libertarians, gay Marxists, and gay anarchists. There are gay people who are deeply religious, and there are gay people who are hostile to all forms of religion. There are gay millionaires and gay street people, gay admirals and gay pacifists, gay prison guards and gay felons. If you can find a "typical gay person," you'll find the egg from which the Easter Bunny hatched right next to him.

There are only two things that all gay people have in common, and they are a preference for same-sex sexual behavior, and a common oppressor.

This diversity is the reason our gay subculture has subdivided into so many subgroups. (I had a submarine sandwich for lunch and have "subs" on the brain.) The huge number of gay and lesbian organizations serving us run the whole gamut of every religious, political, social, philosophical, and lifestyle spectrum under the blue heaven. Thus, who I am is more likely to be defined by the section of the subculture I call home than by my sexual orientation standing alone.

So then, the only issues on which there is any hope of gay unity are those issues which are clearly and undeniably gay issues. I know that sounds trite, but many of the so-called gay leaders have forgotten this. A gay issue, simply stated, is an issue that affects gay people in a way that it does not affect non-gay people. Thus, rent control is not a gay issue. Prayer in the schools is not a gay issue. Welfare is not a gay issue. Abortion is not really a gay issue either, although it comes closer than other three since the arguments pro and con are similar to those surrounding gay liberation issues.

Even on issues which are clearly gay issues, the viewpoints of gay people are so diverse that there really is no voice that speaks for "all of us." There are gay people who like the fact that the military discriminates against us because they believe it will save them from being drafted in the event of a war. There are gay people who oppose anti-discrimination laws because they are absolutists on freedom of association, which, of course, includes the freedom to refuse to associate. I've never heard of a gay person who supported sodomy statutes, and I can't imagine on what grounds he or she might, but given our diversity there is probably someone out there who does.

Unity questions are even trickier when it comes to political candidates. What do we do with a Michael Dukakis who gives us some lip service but seems wholly incapable of delivering anything, and doesn't think we make good parents to boot? What about a George Bush who gives us no lip service on anything but AIDS funding but would probably not go out of his way to hurt us either? What about a candidate who is on our side 50% of the time? 75%? 25% What about two candidates running against each other who each support us 50% of the time but on different issues--is there a hierarchy of issues? And finally, what about a candidate who is entirely supportive of gay issues, but whose positions on every other issue make one gag?

Unity is something we aren't going to get, so forget it. Instead, we would do well to borrow a page from the religious right. The R.R. is a collection of people who agree on very little, really, except "traditional family values," whatever the hell those may be. Nevertheless, when an issue comes along that is important to them, they forget that they hate each other just long enough to fight that particular battle. Then, when the crisis is over, they go back to damning each other to hell based on theological differences. That method seems to work for them; perhaps we could give it a try.

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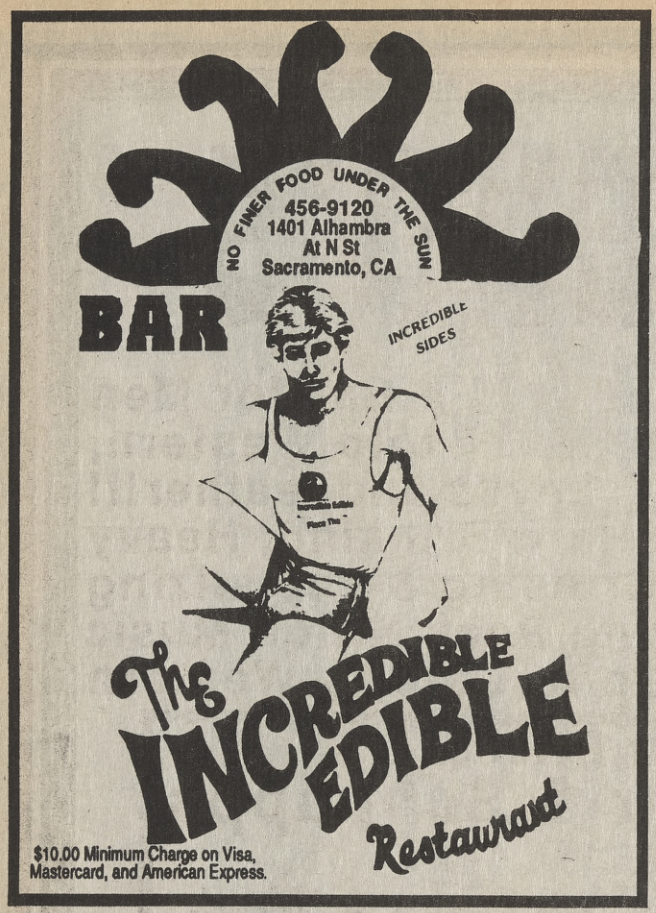


GROWING GOLDEN

by Patrick H. Colley

When PATLAR invited me to write a column on senior issues, I winced at the additional responsibility, yet jumped at the opportunity to reach and help more gay seniors. Granted, I'm not a senior (I'm 48), but I live with--and absolutely adore--a 67-year-old hunk called The Friar and, together, we publish the only magazine for senior gay men and their admirers. We call it SWAN.

As far back as I can remember, I've loved older men. You can imagine what problems that brings to a childhood. By the age of twenty, I had flunked out of college and got myself kicked out of the Navy. A success I wasn't.

The next twenty years were spent chasing older men, teaching myself to write, and making a living in construction procurement from coast to coast. Then, about my fortieth birthday, I was sucked into the world of big international construction and found myself in an overseas pressure cooker and unable to write much. Luckily, I wasn't good at cutthroat management and ultimately found myself unemployed, yet solvent and free to write to my heart's content. As the money began to run out, I began to feel as if something profound was about to happen and moved to where my gut led me--Los Angeles. Almost overnight, I found employment. Two weeks later, I met The Friar and it was love at first sight.

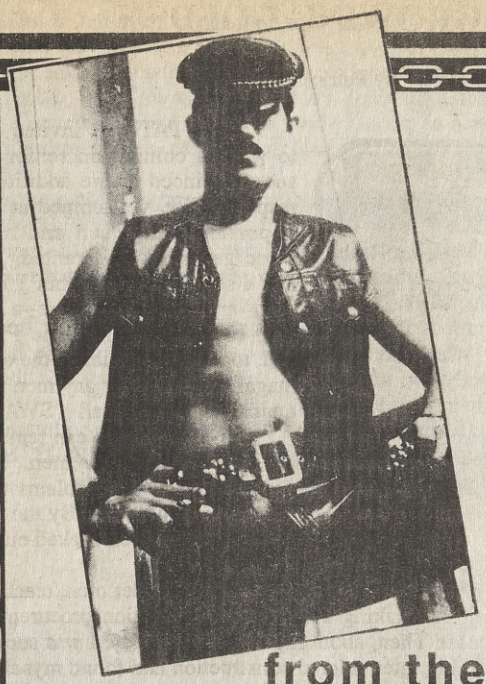
During World War II, while I was learning how to talk, The Friar was being shot down and carted off to a prisoner of war camp in Germany. For 13 months, he served his country by surviving the isolation pit, forced marches in zero weather, starvation, and threats of a firing squad. Much later, while I was moving from city to city, The Friar was busy being a father, husband, and highly decorated Air Force officer. After retirement, he went into banking, then met his first lover, which ultimately led to a divorce from his wife. By the time I came along, he had retired from the bank and the relationship with his first lover had reached a low ebb.

For the first time in my life, I found myself in the right place at the right time and jumped through a window of opportunity and into The Friar's lap. The chemical reaction between us was explosively positive and there was never any doubt that this was THE love of our lives. A lot of very bad habits went by the wayside and, suddenly, we liked ourselves. Somehow, we knew that there was a reason for all this, and that we were expected to bring something to the party.

One day, as I was airing my frustration about not being published, The Friar suggested that we create our own publication. We began to put together a newsletter by writing various articles and bylining them with nom de plumes. We dreamed up funny letters to the editor; made hilarious attempts at erotic drawings of silver-haired men; created outrageous phony ads; and serialized one of my wild novels. When we were finished, the newsletter was about as tongue-in-cheek as you can get. I named it "SWAN," after "FRIAR SWAN," a nom de plume he'd used once before. As you can see, "FRIAR" stuck too.

Next, we sent out teasers to every name in both our address books--known and unknown--and began to search for a printing source. Unbelievably, we were turned down by two gay printers (they wouldn't publish the drawings!), but finally found a straight printer who did the newsletter without a raised eyebrow. At last, we had a collated and stapled, finished product and mailed the premier issue of SWAN out to fewer than 20 subscribers and a handful of guys who just wanted a sample.

A lot has happened since that first issue back in April, 1986. First off, I quit my job to devote full time to SWAN. Then, after a couple of false starts, we finally moved into a mobile home in the



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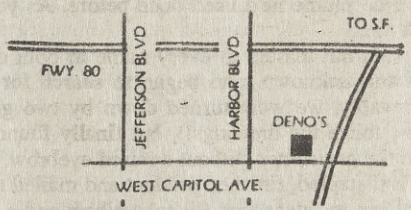

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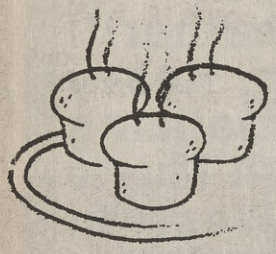

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Mojave Desert in order to cut costs. On the other hand, a lot of friends have promoted us by word of mouth. A bunch of very talented writers, artists, and photographers have contributed an unending supply of exceptional material. Publications like PATLAR did articles on us and gave us good reviews when we were unknown. We currently have just over 1000 paid subscribers and an estimated readership of 10,000.

We still have so very far to go, however, and everytime we receive a heartbreaking letter from some isolated young man who thought he was a freak for loving older men, we go for a little more. When we hear from some 65-year-old man who just lost his 63-year-old lover after 40 years, we vow to reach 10,000 more.

Are we rewarded? Every couple of weeks we get a letter from some subscriber who asks that he ad be cancelled because he's found a lover. Daily, we get mail from readers who say that they don't feel as lonely anymore. You bet we're rewarded.

[For more information about SWAN, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: SWAN, 4864 Luna #191, Phelan, CA 92371.]

IN OUR EYES:
A Youth Perspective

by K. Michaels

To introduce this new column I need to tell a little about myself. For a start, I am 18 years old. I have been open about being gay for a few year; that is, most of my family knows about me. They are not happy, but life isn't always that cut and dried. I have just recently graduated from high school and have started to college. I have been through the stuff that most gay kids go through, and some stuff that few have gone through. I have been around.

From the time I was 13, I knew I was gay. I always knew I was ***different***, I just didn't quite know how. It didn't bother me that I was gay until the day I realized I was also a queer, a fag, etc., (I would continue with the names but every gay kid has heard them so many times it isn't necessary). So, I soon learned that I should smile and be quiet, and went into the closet. The closeted life was fairly short because of a nosy mother. In my family, sex (gay or straight) was ***never*** discussed, so it was swept under the carpet, and I was swept off for a cure for this "sexually deviant perversity," as my mother called it between slurs and quotes from the Bible.

In the following months, I was subjected to home remedies such as being grounded until I gave up the silly notion that I was a homosexual and forced to indulge in a vitamin treatment for 'sexual dysfunction." Needless to say, those methods didn't work. So I was finally taken to a shrink. Actually I was taken to several different shrinks until my mother found one who would agree with her. Anyway, she made life pretty miserable for a pretty long time. I gradually learned, as we all do sometimes, that we're not bad; they're just stupid.

In school I usually wanted to be elsewhere. I don't really know if anyone knew I was gay, but I thought that everytime the world "fag" was used a neon arrow lit up above my head. So I usually opted for other locations. Finally I changed schools to a smaller school were I could finally be myself. The only problem was, I had been pretending I was someone else for so long that I almost forgot who I actually was. I was able to overcome some of the fear of being myself, not to mention being gay, with the help of three very important people. Two teachers at the new school were always there to listen, "Juanita" and "J.B." (I am using nicknames, but they know who they are). They gave me the skill and confidence to do what I want, and to be who I want. More importantly a very special friend of mine, Simon, gave me the courage and the pride to be who I am. Though only two were in a school, all three taught me how to be myself and that I didn't need to go elsewhere to be myself. They are still very important people in my life, and it is to them that I dedicate this column.

Even though things haven't been easy, I know there are people who have had it worse than I did. No matter what happens to a gay kid, everything depends on how they feel about themselves. You have to know that you are the only person who can say there is something wrong about your life. It isn't anyone else's business. It took me a long time to realize that, but I finally did.

I was lucky and had a best friend who was also gay. Sometimes

See More EYES, pg. 12.

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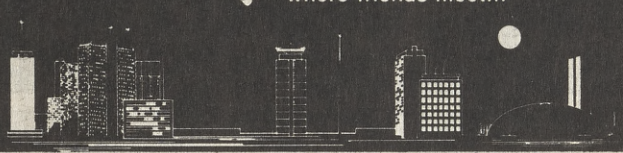

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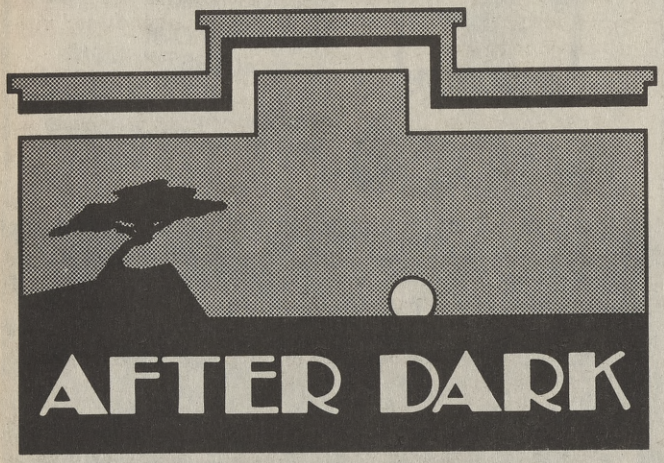
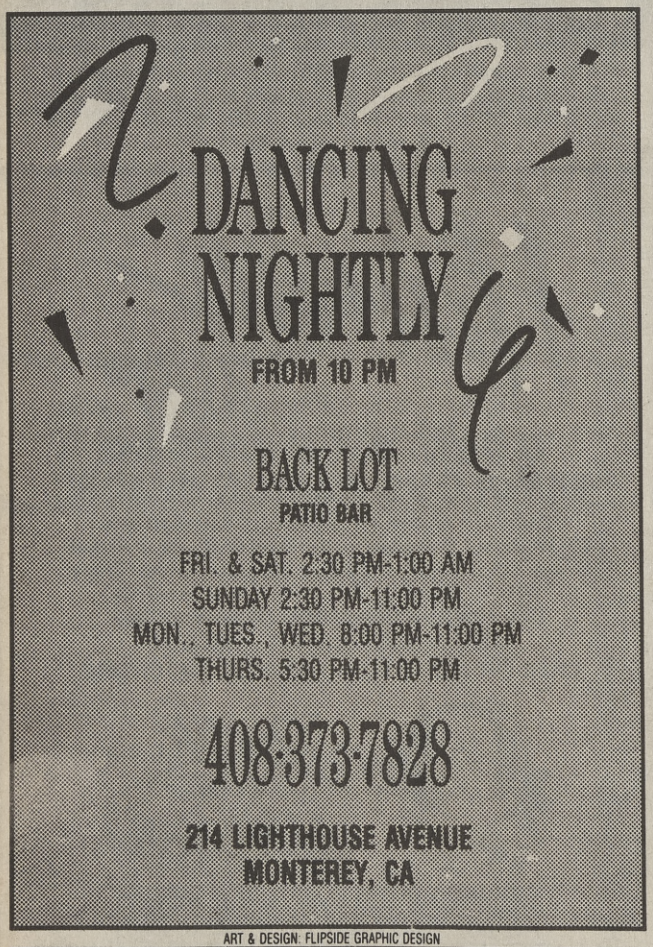




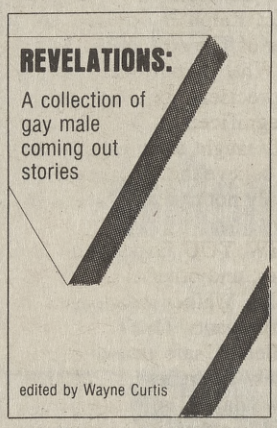
ART & DESIGN: FLIPSIDE GRAPHIC DESIGN

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!! BOOKS!!!!

[In honor of the first annual National Coming Out Day to be celebrated October 11, Patlar is proud to present the follow excerpt from Revelations: A Collection of Gay Male Coming Out Stores, published by Alyson Publications, Inc., Boston, MA, $7.95, paperbound.]

OCEAN PARK

by Gary M. Spahl



It was yet another perfect weekend during the warm and sunny summer of 1985. We were in Ocean Park, a small hamlet on Martha's Vineyard--a sweeping cluster of Victorian-era, gingerbread-style homes, looking out on a grassy common and beyond to the Atlantic. With a gazebo and geese and the whitecaps flirting across the water, it was classically charming and beautiful.

The grass was browning and brittle, tired from salt, wind and August sun. We sat, drinking beer, enjoying the space and the day. She was living on the island, and I was ending what would probably be my last visit of the summer. In a few hours the ferry would take me home to the city. It was sad to be leaving--both the island and my friend.

We first met at work, in a restaurant. We were both finishing college, and seemed to be the only ones capable of tolerating each other's senior year bitching. We'd rant endlessly about deadlines, wisecrack our way through the standard restaurant mania, then go out for drinks afterward and rant and wisecrack some more. She served. I bussed. Together we made good money. I liked her.

Unlike most workplace friendships, this one continued after our employment ended. With work no longer a common topic, our conversation expanded. She was an artisan and I was a writer, and we had long, soul-searching discussions. About the creative curse of achieving success only by refusing to be satisfied with your work. About family and friends. About hopes and fears and ideals. About whatever else it is that good friends talk about.

She was intelligent, and kept my brain from falling asleep at the wheel. She was creative, and could empathize when sympathy wasn't enough. She had had a lopsided share of tragedy in life, yet was always positive and upbeat and encouraging. I realized how important she was to me after she moved to the island.

I had come out to a few people, and was still quite new to the game. Positive reactions were reassuring and relieving; negative ones hurt. Good-byes are always sad--sudden, permanent goodbyes are heart-wrenching. It was time to tell my island friend--to strengthen an already solid relationship, or to cut loose while there was still emotional time.

I had tried to tell her many times during this visit. On each attempt, something balked. How do I start? What if she hates me? It's not the right place. Right time. Right mood. Anxiety was high, for the risk was great. She was an important person in my life. A loss would be devastating. This was a big one, and could lead to a big hurt.

Sailboats lounged on the horizon. The sun whispered of lazy island heat. The beer was wet and warming--and went down easily. We talked. About our work, our family, our lives. It was not a trivial conversation--we would not be seeing each other for some time.

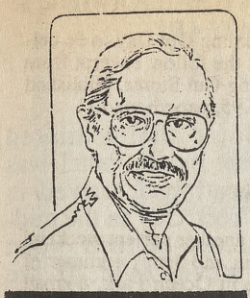
I tried to find a good place to start--a key transitional phrase or a brief lapse. My head spun with fears and hopes and scenarios. Outside, my body kept talking and listening and gesturing. Inside, my blood ran cold...hot...cold. My feet went numb, then my hands, then my feet again. She talked, I listened. I talked, she listened. Ocean Park disappeared. The Atlantic disappeared. Breathing became difficult. Every cell screamed with anxiety. My heart pounded furiously. Throat and lungs swelled with unspoken words, waiting for release and acceptance--bracing for hurt and anger. The beer wasn't cold. It wasn't warm. It wasn't wet or dry. I chugged like a madman, I talked, I listened. She talked, she listened. The sailboats hung precariously on the edge of everything.

It came from nowhere, from everywhere. We were talking about relationships--whose I can't remember. It just fell into the conversation, unannounced, unplanned, unexpected.

"...Yeah, like, I've been seeing this guy for a couple of months now, and sometimes you just gotta take things as they are."

From the ocean, I watched myself say the words. From the gaze-

See More BOOKS!!!!, pg. 18.



RALPH
and there is more...

"You can have it all!" "Everybody out there is your friend; most of them don't know it yet." "You can change your life for the better." Such assertions might seem unreal to some, but PATLAR readers who are familiar with Dr. Ralph H. Walker's column: "...and there is MORE!" have heard them before.

"Most of us have traded our true genius for the proverbial 'mess of pottage,'" says Dr. Ralph H. Walker, creator and leader of The ALL NEW YOU Experience. "What participants discover--or more precisely, get back to--is their own magnificence. We all have been carefully taught to be afraid. The tragic part is that we've even come to believe that it is normal to live a life limited by fear. That is simply not true; our birthright is love, nor fear."

The two days of The ALL NEW YOU Experience are filled with games, exercises, processes, and other activities, as well as some talks--"not lectures," Dr. Walker insists--and a great deal of voluntary sharing by participants. The YOU is offered in a secure setting--what is called a "safe place"--where participants themselves create the new awarenesses and new discoveries which distinguished the two days. The various components are arranged, or "programmed," so that learning is self-correcting and automatic, for each participant exercises his or her own control throughout.

Out of this, by the evening of the second day, each person has encountered an entirely fresh experience of the wonder and power and beauty of his or her own authentic Self--that which had been hidden behind a learned sense of limitation. As each participant has that "direct experience" of that Self in himself or herself, they also recognize that they share it in common with others, and see them too in new, refreshing--and truly loving--ways.

"This new perspective allows each participant the opportunity to choose to 'come from love'," Dr. Walker points out. "When we do that, we experience a new 'you'--a Self that is radiantly alive, empowered to participate richly and fully in life from a newly recognized ground of being; thus, the name: The ALL NEW YOU Experience."

Dr. Walker, a veteran of more than thirty years of college teaching, focusing on the development of ways of tapping and releasing hidden student potential, developed The YOU Experience out of my years of "hands on" experience, and has utilized only those approaches which actually work quickly and effectively in allowing for participants to move from past imagined threats and limitations and into the Light of their own power and excellence. He has studied with masters in the field, such as Jean Houston, Joseph Chilton Pierce, Leonard Orr, and Moshe Feldenkrais, among others. Widely travelled, he has made the obligatory trip to India and has spent time with Swami Kuktananda and other masters.

"It's not what we say that allows people to experience their own transformation," he says, "but what we allow them to directly experience about themselves and their previously untapped powers and abilities which allows them to begin living their lives from a new dimension."

The themes stated at the beginning may seem totally unrealize-able, but they are only a few of the topics developed during the weekend, and the responses of many of the graduates suggest that they can become realities rather than wild dreams. Some typical comments are:

"The most beneficial event of my life."

"A small breakthrough that led to greater breakthroughs..."

"Really got that LOVE works!"

"Absolutely incredible."

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ERNIE BROWN
VIEWS FROM RIVER CITY

Sorry that I missed you last month, but I was on vacation. I arrived in New York City in the middle of one of their worst heat waves ever. If the heat didn't get you, the humidity did...My first event in NY was attending the much-talked-about musical, "Phantom of the Opera." I'm here to tell you, this is Broadway at its finest. Bar none, this has got to be the best musical of the century. A must see. However, you just may have to wait awhile to obtain tickets--there's something like a one-year wait. I was lucky being a contributing editor for one of Sacramento's finest newspapers (power of the press)...After several more shows in NY, it was on to Philadelphia (home) to check in with my daughters and grandkids (yes, despite my dewey freshness, I am indeed a grandfather--as a result of having been a child groom). Another heat wave, even worse than in NY which I wouldn't have thought possible. My youngest daughter's wedding went off beautifully. The bar scene in Philly is a little bit different that it is in NY. In NY they are a super trip, especially in the Village. In Philly they are more on the conservative side...On to Atlantic City where I spent a couple of days in the middle of a monsoon--a welcome event after the heat waves. Atlantic City has undergone a big change what with gambling and all. And it's not flattering. Looks like Manhattan with a boardwalk. Didn't recognize any of the old places I used to haunt as a kid. There are about seven gay bars there. Two of the best are Saratoga and Rendezvous...On to Washington, D.C. where I spent three days with an old Sacto friend. Our nation's capitol is beautiful. The gay-bar scene is about the same as Philly...My last stop was New Orleans. No wonder they call it the emerald city. It's a beauty, a blend of so many different, beautiful people. So many ethnic cultures. The cajun men, by the way, aren't too shabby. The bars were rampant, open all night long. Jazz everywhere. The food is the finest in the country; you haven't truly lived, for instance, until you've had "fried ice cream" or "wild fried banana" or "red beans & rice." Humidity was high which meant drinking a lot of mint julip, planters punch & lemonade...Back home: Congrats to our new Duke & Duchess, Billy & Natasha...Congrats to the Mercantile Saloon on their eleventh anniversary...You must, simply must stop by the check out the food that Faces new chef is putting out; food is superb and plentiful...By the way, I had the pleasure of seeing Carhops & Bondage, written by our one and only Russell Dunn, awhile back. It's playing thru Oct. 17 at the Old Eaglet Theater in Old Sacramento. This is a light-hearted, fun-loving, unadulterated kamp comedy. You'll love it. The entire cast is right on. Bill Berset is the musical director. Be sure to see it...Joseph's Town and Country, thank you for your wonderful Monday evening where bar owners & bartenders, waiters & waitresses can get together and enjoy each other. That's what it's all about.

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More EYES, from pg. 6.

it's nice to have someone whom you can discuss things with, who knows what you are talking about. Until recently the American Medical Association didn't think there were gay teenagers (I don't know where they thought gay adults came from), so there was never very much written for gay teens. A lot of the time it seemed like there were no other teens like us, at least no one nearby whom you could talk to, so it seemed like there was no one who understood. Luckily for me, I was open and found my best friend was telling me about himself the same way I was trying to tell him about myself; and we could understand each other.

Today, I have found that it is a lot easier to meet other gay teens. In some larger cities, there are gay youth groups, or at least places where one can get started. It is very important, I think, to know that there are others out there. It may take a while to find them, but it is worth it. The most important thing to remember is that you are not alone, and you don't have to be alone. Once you do find a friend who can understand you, gay or an understanding straight person, you will have a better understanding of yourself. Because the most important person you should know is yourself.

FICTION

HOW DO YOU SAY "I LOVE YOU?"

by Lloyd R. Grosvenor

[Part 5: Conclusion]

[The story thus far: Bobby Fitzgerald, a "medic" in World War II, in the South Pacific has become somewhat attracted to a Japanese soldier found in a cave two days after the war ended. He, with the help of Sgt. Kurt Lautzenheizer and two others, has succeeded in saving the soldier's life. Bobby has had a "brief encounter" with the pompous and officious Lt. (Barge-Bucket) Swearengen. Bobby, Kurt, and a detail have put Tokuo, the Japanese soldier and three other patients aboard an L.C.I. (Landing Craft, Infantry) and they are headed for the hospital ship. Tokuo has managed to climb the bulkhead and throw himself overboard. Kurt Lautzenheizer, the tough sergeant, has gone in after him.]

* * * * *

Over the stern I could see Kurt bobbing toward Tokuo in the wake of the L.C.I. They were growing smaller and farther away although the pilot of the boat was slowing down.

It seemed an interminable length of time before he got the boat turned around and headed back toward the two dots in the ocean, and an even longer time before we came anywhere near them. As the boat slowed to a stop, Kurt was hollering something from the water, but I couldn't understand what he was saying.

There wasn't a life preserver aboard. Who would ever need it when landing infantry? Men weren't aboard very long anyway, and their purpose was to get ashore and do battle and get killed, so who would be concerned about someone falling overboard?

There was a rope, however, so with the help of the pilot, I got it looped, got it secure and three it over the side to Kurt who I could see was holding Tokuo's head up and treading water with great effort.

Kurt managed to get the loop under Tokuo's arms, and we lifted him over the side. When I looked again, I couldn't see Kurt.

I kicked off my shoes, put the loop under my own arms and jumped over the side. I was somewhat disoriented when I hit the water, and the chill of the water not only surprised me but also put me in mild shock. (The "beautiful, blue, warm, South Pacific Ocean" was anything but warm and beautiful.) It was a few minutes before I got my bearings and could look around the locate a man's head bobbing around in the water.

Then I saw Kurt's face sort of floating under the water. With

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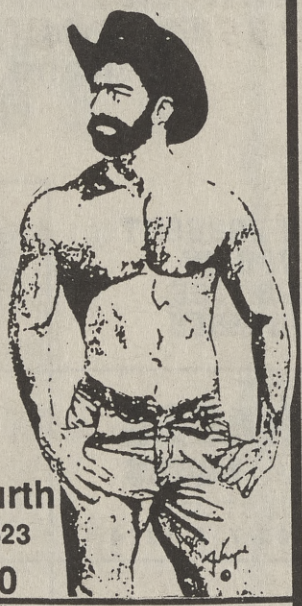

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considerable effort, I reached him and got the rope under his arms. While I pushed, the pilot pulled and we got Kurt back into the boat. Then the pilot helped me haul myself over the side.

As soon as I reached the top of the bulkhead, the pilot began working on Tokuo. (I felt like I was the one who could use some artificial respiration!) I started on Kurt. The water bubbled out of his stomach and he coughed. He began to breathe, but he didn't regain consciousness. Neither did Tokuo.

The hospital ship notified Swearengen and the field hospital what had happened, and with Lautzenheizer still aboard, the ship started for Honolulu. I could only image Swearengen's reaction when he learned that Kurt Lautzenheizer wasn't coming back.

I was put on regular nursing (and other)duties, as they needed every hand they could get with a full complement of wounded, and a minimal staff, so I didn't see Kurt for the next two days. I saw Tokuo once or twice briefly during "rounds," but there was no use trying to talk to him when he was barely alive.

They both came-to about the same time, so I was hard put to try to decide which one to see first. I opted for Tokuo. (Back to no-English and hardly-any-Japanese-with-the-dictionary.)

I asked Tokuo why he crawled overboard, when we all had tried so hard to keep him alive.

His reply was that we were doing him a disservice by keeping him alive, as he and the others in the cave had lost face, had been disgraced by losing the war. The Americans had not killed them with the bazooka fire. Back there in the cave, the four dead ones had shot each other. Now I found out the meaning of "Makoto." Makoto was the name of one of the four.

The agreement was, since there was an odd number, Makoto was to kill Tokuo, then the others were to shoot each other. Apparently Makoto could not bring himself to kill Tokuo, and so shot him in the shoulder.

Thinking about it, I remembered the position of the other bodies in the cave, and the position of their fire arms. The bullets had thrown them over backwards, and tore great holes in their bodies.

"I should have had courage to do it myself," Tokuo said. "All of us should have had courage to do this thing." Tears filled his eyes, and eased down his cheeks, but his voice did not crack under his grief. "It was my command. And now, so it seems, one finds it more difficult to kill one's companion, than oneself."

He turned his head on his pillow. "Makoto! Makoto!"

And now, at last, with his companion's name on his lips, he let his feelings rule him, and his sobs came: "Makoto! Makoto! Makoto...!

* * * * *

Kurt was sitting up.

"They won't let me have my cigar, Bobby. See if you can get me my cigar, Bobby. Will you?"

"I'll do what I can."

"You can do that, Bobby. I know you can." He was quiet a long moment. Then he said, "How's your Jap friend?"

"He's alive. He talked to me. A little."

"Oh, OK."

"Why did you do it, Kurt?"

"What? Do what?"

"You know what I'm talking about."

"Shit! How the hell do I know what you're talking about? You're always talking stuff and I don't understand half what you're talking about."

"You pretend you don't understand what I'm talking about. I'll spell it out for you."

"OK. Spell."

"How come you jumped in the drink and rescued Tokuo?"

"Who?"

"Tokuo. The Japanese lieutenant. His name is Tokuo."

"Oh, that."

"Yeah, that. How come, Kurt?"

"An officer is entitled, ain't he? Even if he is the enemy. Like you say."

"I won't buy that, Kurt. It won't wash."

"Wa-al, y'just do it, that's all. Somebody falls in the drink, y'just jump in and pull 'em out. Y'd do it for anybody, see?"

"Even a dirty Jap? Come on, now."

"Wa-al, y'seemed to be kinda attached to him...or whatever."
I didn't push it.

* * * * *

We practically skipped Honolulu. They kept Kurt at Scofield in Honolulu, and I managed to persuade the Commanding Officer that I should go on to Lederman in San Francisco with Tokuo. The medical consensus was that the necessary surgery and wiring required to make Tokuo's arm serviceable could not be accomplished in Honolulu, but Lederman was fully equipped to do the job.

They didn't just let me loaf around at Lederman. I had to go back to duty. Which meant work. But I did have enough free time to see Tokuo from time to time. He gradually regained his strength, and since his propensity for suicide was known, he was watched pretty carefully. It was costing the U.S. Government a lot of bucks to take care of one Japanese patient, and they had no assurance that he wouldn't do himself in the first chance he got.

Tokuo's English got a little better, but my Japanese didn't improve very much. I talked a lot of English, and he talked a lot in Japanese. I said a lot of things I wouldn't otherwise have said if he could understand what I was saying. A sort of thinking-out-loud, if you know what I mean.

Rather than try to put down what he said and how, the best I can do is just kind of wrap up what he said in my own words.

After he had pretty well recovered one day toward the end of October when the Pacific Ocean was pure blue, the sky an angel clear, and the Golden Gate Bridge just over the way a bright orange, our conversation went something like this:

"One realizes what you people are trying to do; and I appreciate it no little," Tokuo explained. "But it is that we are from different cultures, you see, and our attitudes are different about life and death."

"I am trying to understand that," I said.

"Life that we know is but transitory; and we are not so much concerned with the survival of the body, as your culture is, because we know that it will not, finally, survive. So it makes very little difference when one leaves it behind. You see that?"

"Yes."

"It only remains then to know what is most important."

"Is it...love?"

"It is honor."

"I see. Then it would never do for men in the military to love one another. Men start making love, there goes your old ball game."

"Ball game?"

"War--Senso-o."

"What you speak is not understood by this oriental mind. Makoto very much loved me. I very much loved Makoto. Makoto loved me too much. It is not for my good."

"I have searched my dictionary," I told him. "I have found special words you "you" used among boys; some special words used among men. I do not know if these are meant to be affectionate."

"It does not matter."

"I find in my dictionary a way to say "he loves her"; but not a way to say "he loves him" or "I love you.'"

"I do not understand. What you do not find, we do not say that."

"Then yours is like American culture more than we care to admit. Love is an embarrassment. Saying 'I love you' is even more of an embarrassment."

"We love," Tokuo said. "It is just that the viewpoint is--"

The door to the hospital room opened. To my shock and amazement a man stood there looking a lot like a blond Mexican bull in a gawdy, flowered, Hawaiian shirt. On second scrutiny, however, I could see that it could be nobody else but Kurt Lautzenheizer; for here was the inevitable unlit cigar in the corner of his mouth. He shifted it to the other side of his mouth--a habit he had when he had something to say that he thought was important.

I felt almost resentful at his intrusion. I didn't give him a

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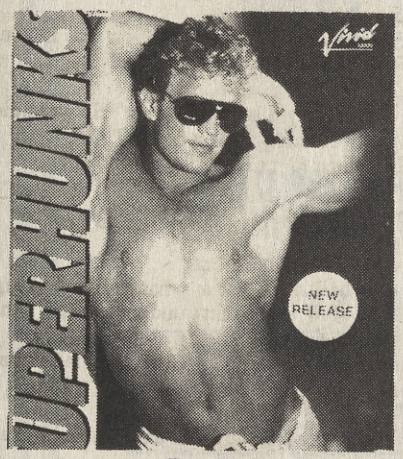

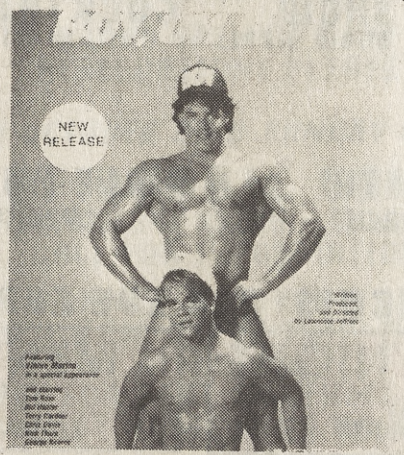

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chance to say anything.

I said to Tokuo in Japanese:

"I love you-o nihon-go so-o ii-masu ka?" [How do you say "I love you" in Japanese?]

Tokuo replied in careful English syllables: "Do not try to say in Japanese. Say in English. To this man. This man love. This man love Bobby Fitzeru-u. This man (point to himself) want to be with Makoto."

I was flustered, overwhelmed by the idea.

The very thing I was frustrated over I was experiencing--embarrassment. I felt myself reddening as I turned and looked Kurt Lautzenheizer directly in the face. Suddenly I felt that it didn't matter what I said next.

I said to Kurt: "What he says. Is it true?"

"Wa-al," Kurt said, taking the cigar from his mouth temporarily, "I'm here ain't I? Got my discharge in my pocket and I'm here, ain't I?"

* * * * *

Eventually Tokuo was able to stay in the United States. Whether he ever did himself in, I never learned.

Kurt and I have been together for a lot of years. We chose to stay here in San Francisco. Things have changed a lot here in "The City." Some for the better, some for the worse. But we're still here and we're still together.

Kurt doesn't need an unlit cigar in his mouth anymore.

THE END

More BOOKS!!!!, from pg. 8.

bo, I heard myself say them. What was I doing? Not like that. Not without a preface, a warning. Not just thrown into the middle of a conversation. You blew it!

"Uh-huh," she said, "but she doesn't have to put up with some of the games he plays."

"Uh-huh," she had said. She didn't miss a beat, just kept on talking. "Uh-huh." Was that it?

"Did you hear what I just said?"

"What?"

"That I've been seeing another guy?"

"Yeah."

"That doesn't shock you? Doesn't bother you? Are you surprised?"

"I know you. I think I know what you like. People are people. You know that doesn't bother me."

The Atlantic Ocean reappeared. The beer turned wet. My body resumed normal operations.

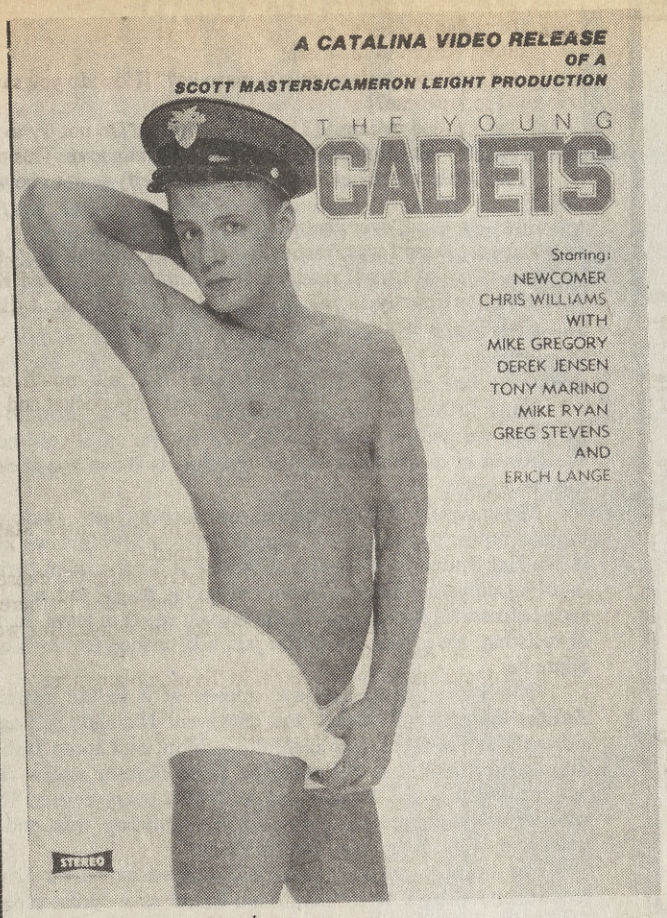
We talked. About being gay, about being straight. A close women friend from childhood recently told her she was involved with another woman. Though understanding, she was still upset. I told her to be strong, to be patient. To treat her friend no differently, yet not pretend the issue didn't exist. I consoled and supported her--a startling role reversal, I thought, given the situation. And by suggesting how to cope and deal with her gay woman friend, I was explaining how her gay male friend expected to be treated.

The sun and conversation shifted. We talked about the creative curse. Life on the island. Life in the city. The weather, the world, and whatever else it is that good friends talk about.

My ferry was leaving shortly. She had to get ready for work. She drove me to the dock. We exchanged a kiss and a hug, and my "Thanks" covered more than her hospitality.

The ferry rumbled on toward the mainland. Watching the island fade into the sea, I savored warm memories and banished thoughts of work until the next day. I turned to feel the wind and the spray on my face. The water sparkled brilliantly in the late afternoon sun. Yes, I thought, it has been a wonderful summer.

[Gary M. Spahl has written ad copy and taught computer science to elementary school children. He currently manages public relations for a Boston non-profit organization working to build minority capacity in that city. "Ocean Park" is his first published piece, and is for Anne, with much love.]



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ON THE ROAD:

a continuing saga:

by Michael Lane and Jim Crotty

[This is the third part of a series by The Traveling Monks, publishers of the world's only mobile magazine, MONK. Michael and Jim write, edit, paste up, and market from a 26-foot Fleetwood RV using a solar-powered Macintosh computer as they travel the continent with their two cat (sometimes two cats), profiling the fascinating people and places they encounter along the way. To subscribe send $10 to MONK, 369 Montezuma, #137, Santa Fe, NM 87501. And for the latest update on their adventures, just call (213) 285-8603.]

Time to leave Sedona, Arizona. This time, despite our instincts, we packed it up and headed for the cold, cold north. We looked at those red rocks of Arizona as if we might never see them again.

Miraculously, Old Econoline, our wobbly van, made it up the mountains to Santa Fe in record time, and, before we knew it, we had landed in what was supposed to be the quiet parking lot of a Lutheran Church. But next morning, bright and early, we soon learned we had parked on the busiest street in town. Instead of resisting, we joined the traffic jam and headed for downtown Santa Fe.

Old Santa Fe was an eye-opener at 8 in the morning. Amidst the restored adobes and droves of Navahos setting up sidewalk stalls, there was fashion, fashion, and more fashion. The western look was definitely in. Long flouncy squaw skirts and riding boots and fringed jackets turned every corner. There were skirts on almost every woman, girl, building, tree, and fire hydrant in sight. Even dogs had on skirts!

We hungry monks soon converged on Zia's Diner, recommended by a well-intentioned friend as a "great place to get brown rice." But the minute we stepped in this diner, I knew we were in deep trouble. First, the pastel wallpaper with industrial hardware hanging amongst Greek columns set it apart. But then there were those "hamburgers" on the menu. And they weren't organic either. Well, much to the horror of my vegetarian lover, I ordered us the works: two double charbroiled cheeseburgers with mushrooms and fries! [Jim was later heard mumbling "if it weren't for the cheese." And I had a tummy ache to end all tummy aches.]

So, on up into the Rockies we headed. Our first night in the cold wasn't too bad. But next morning, still thinking it was summer, we stopped at Lanthrop State Park to go swimming. As a truck load of maintenance men watched, we dove into the icy lake. Not to have our masculine egos defiled, we stayed in that cold water and swam for half an hour. As I stepped out of the water, I sucked those goose bumps in, tucked in my tummy, and stood proudly on the beach. And then I fainted into a shivering fit that took two hours of belly dancing to thaw out. Summer was now over!

In Denver, we attended National Health Federation Show where everyone seemed to be from Utah, the home of Mormans and Multi-Level Marketing.

Denver, being the big and cold city that it is, posed a serious threat to camping, until Jim remembered he had a long-lost friend here. "Friend" Miguel didn't know what was in store for him when he opened his door to us. Within one week, we had taken over and sent our dear host to San Francisco to recuperate.

But Denver proved an interesting town. What we'd started in Santa Fe continued here. Hamburger, hamburger, and more hamburger. Jim said it was the cold climate and besides it was organic Coleman's beef. But for me, 18 years without eating any burgers had been long enough. Burgers were now King.

With winter on our tails, we decided to go to Snowmass. So on the road again, it was in Aspen that we had our first encounter with snow and frozen kitty. Often in bare feet and shorts, we just couldn't quite accept that winter exists. But on

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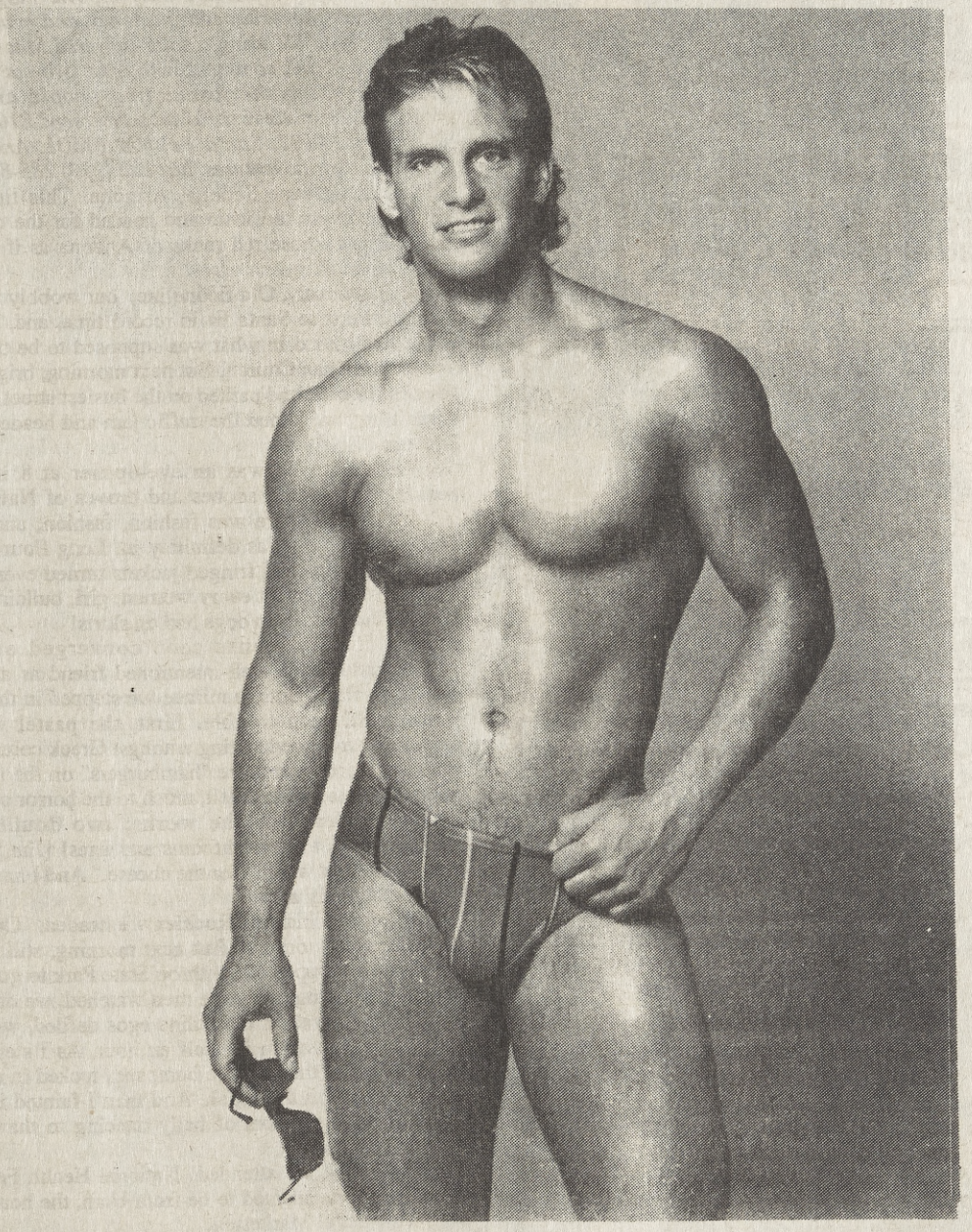

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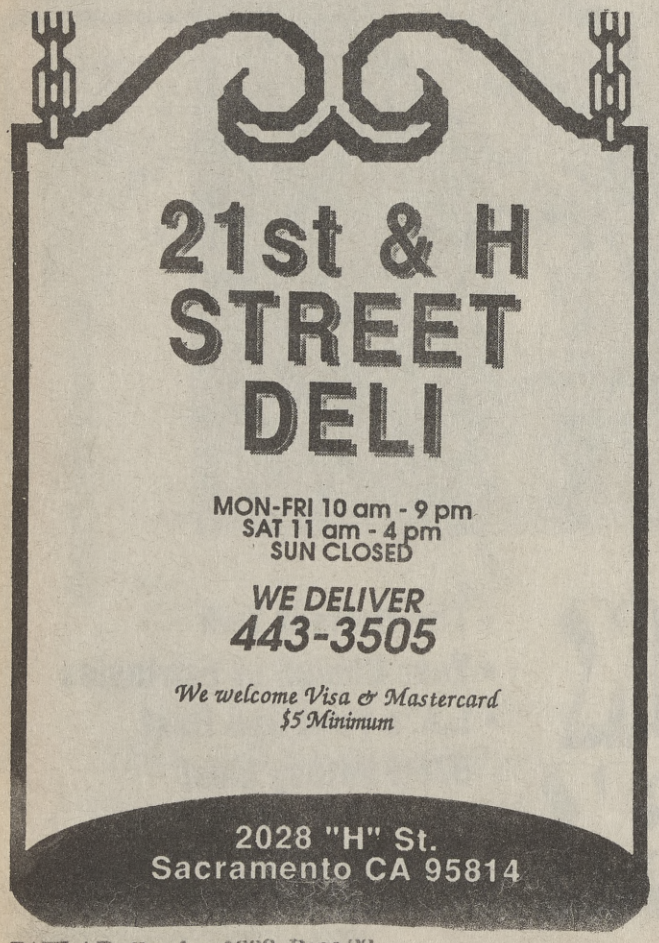


our first night in town we finally discovered the secret to staying toasty warm in the van. Unfortunately, leaving our propane stove on was so dangerous that even Nurse's Aide, our beloved cat, bolted into the freezing night air. The next morning, high from the fumes, we stumbled around for hours looking for Aide until we found him half frozen in a snow bank. Totally afraid of losing our "child," we fed him all the burgers he could handle until he promised to never run away again.

Feeling somewhat disoriented, we spent a few days snooping around Aspen until several local newspapers started snooping after us. Finally, the press was onto us and we gave them a show. Out in the middle of a country road, we stopped for reporters and had a party on the roof of our van while hot photographers clicked and local cowboys honked and hooted. Well, we headed out of town before the news broke, and faced the sobering fact that despite our newly found fame, we were cold and hungry.

Thanks to a generous donation from Vitasoy, Jim remembered we had 15 cases of soymilk waiting for us. Adding 40 boxes of magazines fresh from the press, we finally headed back to Boulder. But the cold had gotten so out of control that we rented a room at the Foot of the Mountain Motel in Boulder while we drank our Vitasoy and mailed out magazines.

Those ten days in the motel were a circus. We had to hide Nurse's Aide since no pets were allowed. So in the night I would sneak him inside disguised as a pillow. In the morning I'd sneak him out disguised as a dirty sock and let him loose in a field. Cooking also wasn't allowed, but the Monks couldn't resist setting off the fire alarm with their precious waffle iron.

To our standards, we were living like kings. And in our small room, we held court. Every day we were visited by the new age royalty, and ample amounts of Rich Creamy Chocolate Vitasoy were served. We were treated to visits by Antero Alli, a musical performance by Apurvo, and a few late-night slumber parties.

Around Halloween we broke down and held a party for ourselves at the Auction House and Art Gallery in downtown Boulder. After a late night of sewing a pair of new jumpsuits, we moved our entire caravan into the gallery, including tents, futon, waffle iron, computer, and Nurse's Aide. We had invited the community to come and meet us. And admidst the gallons of Vitasoy, burning waffles, cat pee, and tours of our tent, we launched one of our secret dreams: magazine as performance art.

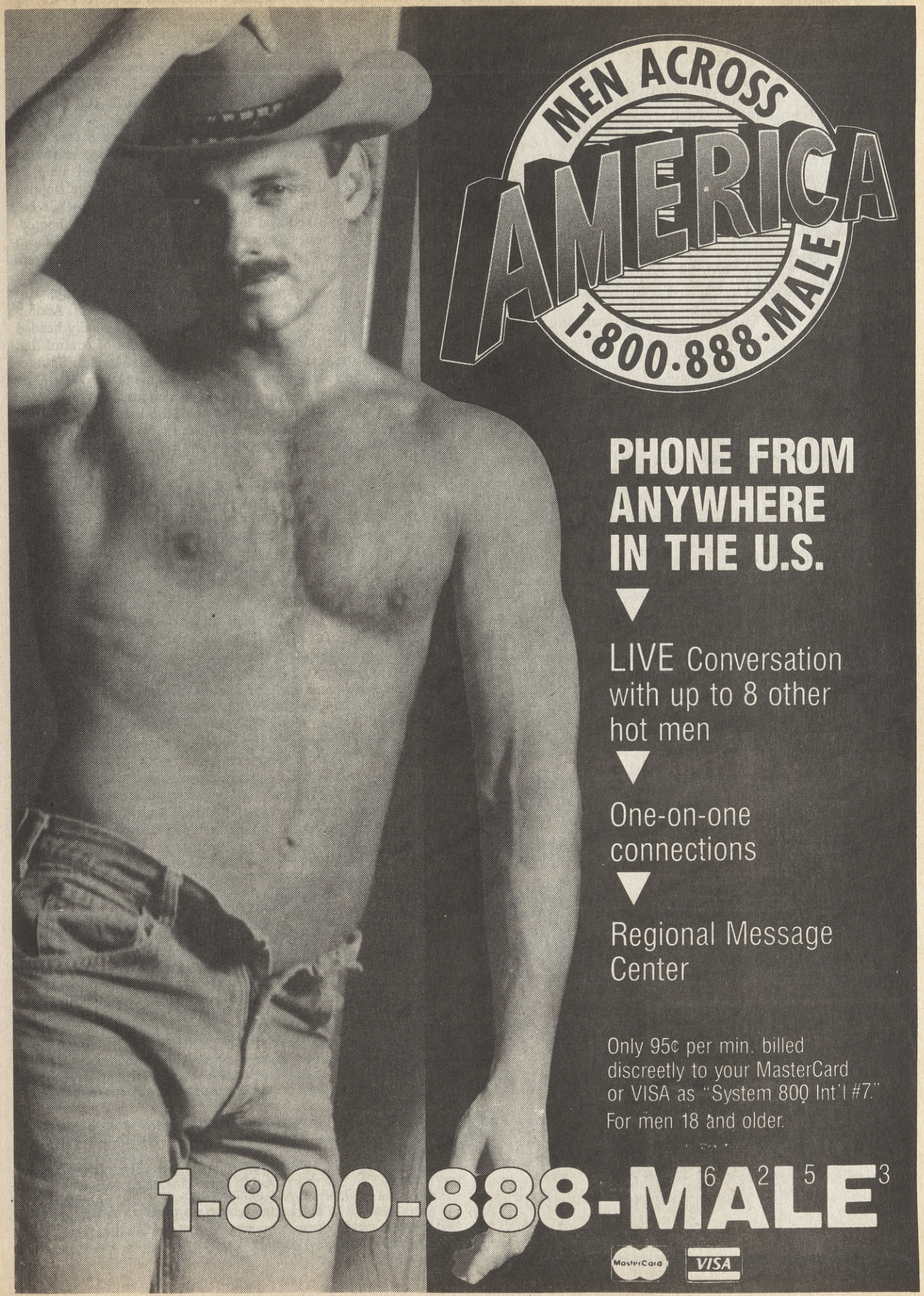
Two days later, we said goodbye to Greens Restaurant and the "Breakfast Burrito" and were on our way to Texas. But Jim had heard that ETs had landed in Durango and wanted to swing by to "do a story." So against all rationale we headed west.

By now the van had just about had enough of our excess. We were still carrying with us 20 huge boxes of magazines and 8 cases of Vitasoy. It was an absolute project to go to sleep because we couldn't even find the bed. It took two hours to pile to 20 boxes of magazines in the driver's seat, on the floor and roof of the van. Then we'd squeeze between our boxes of soymilk and drift off dreaming. This didn't last forever.

It was after a spectacular climb over the snowy Wolf Creek Pass that old Econoline started giving way. There's nothing like coming down a 10,000-foot pass with the brakes going bad. With rubber burning and a cold wind blowing from behind, we just barely made it to Durango.

Much to our disappointment, there was no sign of ETs. Brakeless, broke, and cold we still had our soymilk! And looking at a map we saw that Houston, Texas was a long ways from Durango. So, after a flip of the coin, we headed up to Norwood to visit the Reenchantment Lodge.

Thank god it was nighttime because if we'd been able to see down the 11,000-foot, twisting, icy passes we'd have compulsively driven off the side. I drove about 10 miles an hour for six hours while Jim cooked some seaweed to keep the van warm. As we were coming over our last peak, the transmission started grinding away. And with fingers crossed, we coasted 20 miles downhill to the Lodge where we planned to stay awhile. But I just couldn't keep from singing that old familiar tune: Deep in the Heart of Texas!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"This is more than a collection of great songs by Marti. She felt her new album had to have structure, brilliant songwriting, and immediacy...It had to have the effect of the apple falling off the tree and hitting Newton on the head," comments the album's producer Don Dixon. His whimsical statement is a most accurate assessment of Ohio-based singer Marti Jones's third solo A&M album titled USED GUITARS. Even after such an endorsement, I still want to bring this outstanding project to a greater focus with the attention that it indeed deserves.

Jones has been labeled "the best white female pop singer of the decade." It is understandable how she obtained this title after listening to her vocal presentation on her current eleven-track release. A project which was fifteen months in the making, Jones's USED GUITARS is a production that maps out a story within the embodiment of each song linked to a central, universal theme. "This is the closest I've come to making exactly the kind of record I want to make," states Jones.

Jones is no newcomer to the entertainment world. Once a singer and guitar player for the four-piece band Color Me Gone, they had recorded a single EP for A&M records, after which the group broke up, leaving Jones at odds as to her musical career in her hometown of Akron, Ohio. "I had nothing in mind as an alternative [to Color Me Gone]," Jones recalled. "I wasn't even sure I wanted to continue in music--I was burned out." All of the uncertainty changed after Jones received a postcard from producer Don Dixon, who'd worked with R.E.M., Guadacanal Diary, and other various artists. Dixon, who knew and had liked Color Me Gone, told Marti he'd like to work with her on a solo project. Since that correspondence they have collaborated on three consecutive albums: UNSOPHISTICATED TIMES, MATCH GAME, and their current project.

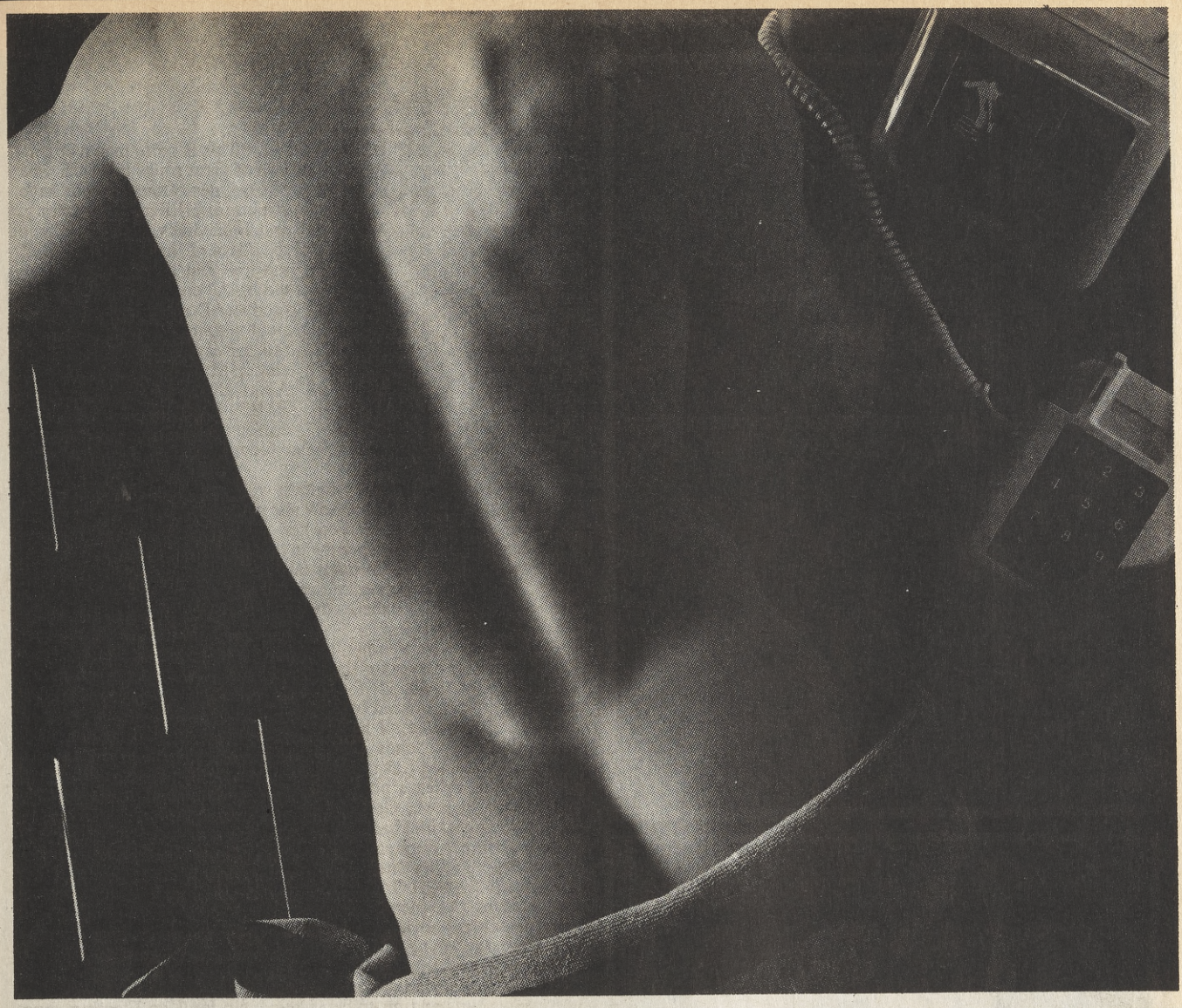
The album's material is all first rate. Complex at times. No so at other stages, but always revealing. The album features the writing styles of John Hiatt, Janis Ian (who also plays piano on the two tracks she co-wrote), Graham Parker and Jackie DeShannon. Both Dixon and Jones collaborated to pen three compositions. The album's most outstanding track is the Janis Ian/Kye Fleming song "Ruby." It has all the classic torch elements which are trademarks of an Ian signature composition. Jones's interpretation of this song showcases the extraordinary talent that this young singer/songwriter possesses. Her performance on "Ruby" is most intimate and spellbinding.

"The biggest problem with grabbing songs from everywhere, instead of writing a whole album yourself, is finding a glue that will hold them all together," comments Jones. "It's hard to make different styles flow together unless there's some sort of theme."

Together, Dixon and Jones played with a couple of conceptual thoughts--they were even going to call the album GOOD GOLLY SVENGALI, a good-natured poke at those who think of Dixon as Jones's Svengali figure--before letting the material Jones had already chosen and "fallen in love with" determine the direction by themselves. As Dixon puts it, "Our objectives began to drift away from the problems of manipulation and into the realm of relationships. A universal theme and specific content was Marti's goal."

In the conclusion, says Jones, USED GUITARS became "a conversation between two women--a discussion of where love goes, what it leads to, and what happens...We wanted a story that was obvious to us, but wouldn't be--and perhaps shouldn't be--to everyone else."

Both sides of this musical conversation hold true to what the singer says, weaving in and out of the various aspects and outlooks of love and being loved. In the end, USED GUITARS, while not strictly autobiographical, does paint a revealing portrait of the artist, Jones agrees. "I think this record is more in keeping with who I am and have always been than anything I've ever done," she notes. "I was more in touch with myself this time, and I played a more active role in every aspect of making the album. I feel it's the closest I've come to making exactly the kind of record I want to make, and I'm very proud of that."



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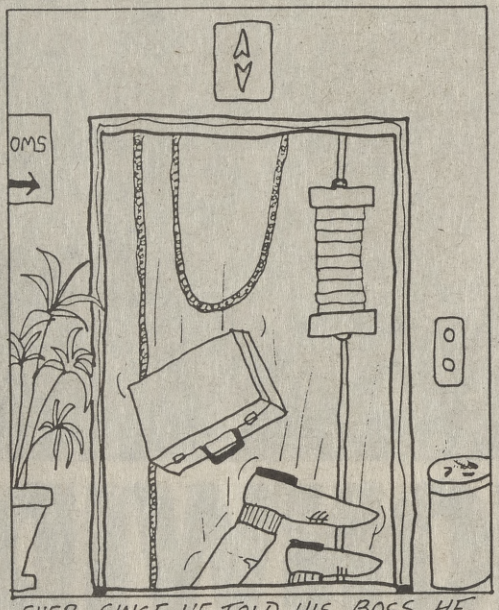

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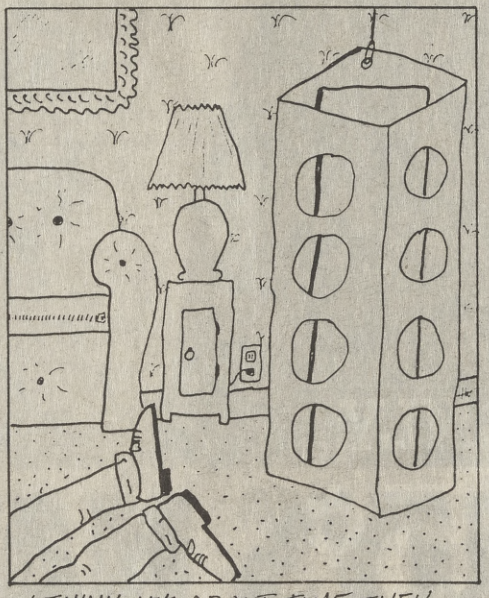

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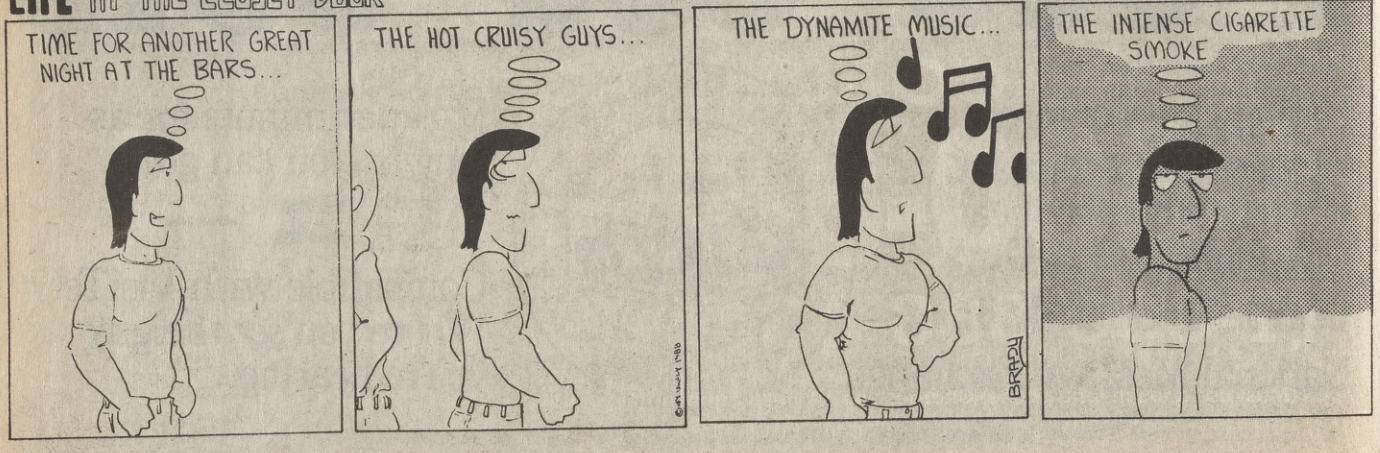

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GWM 30s smoker, attractive, romantic, sincere, shy wishes to meet GWM 25-40 for friendship-relationship. Photo apprec. Reply to Patlar ad #PL-138, PO Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822. [810 PL)

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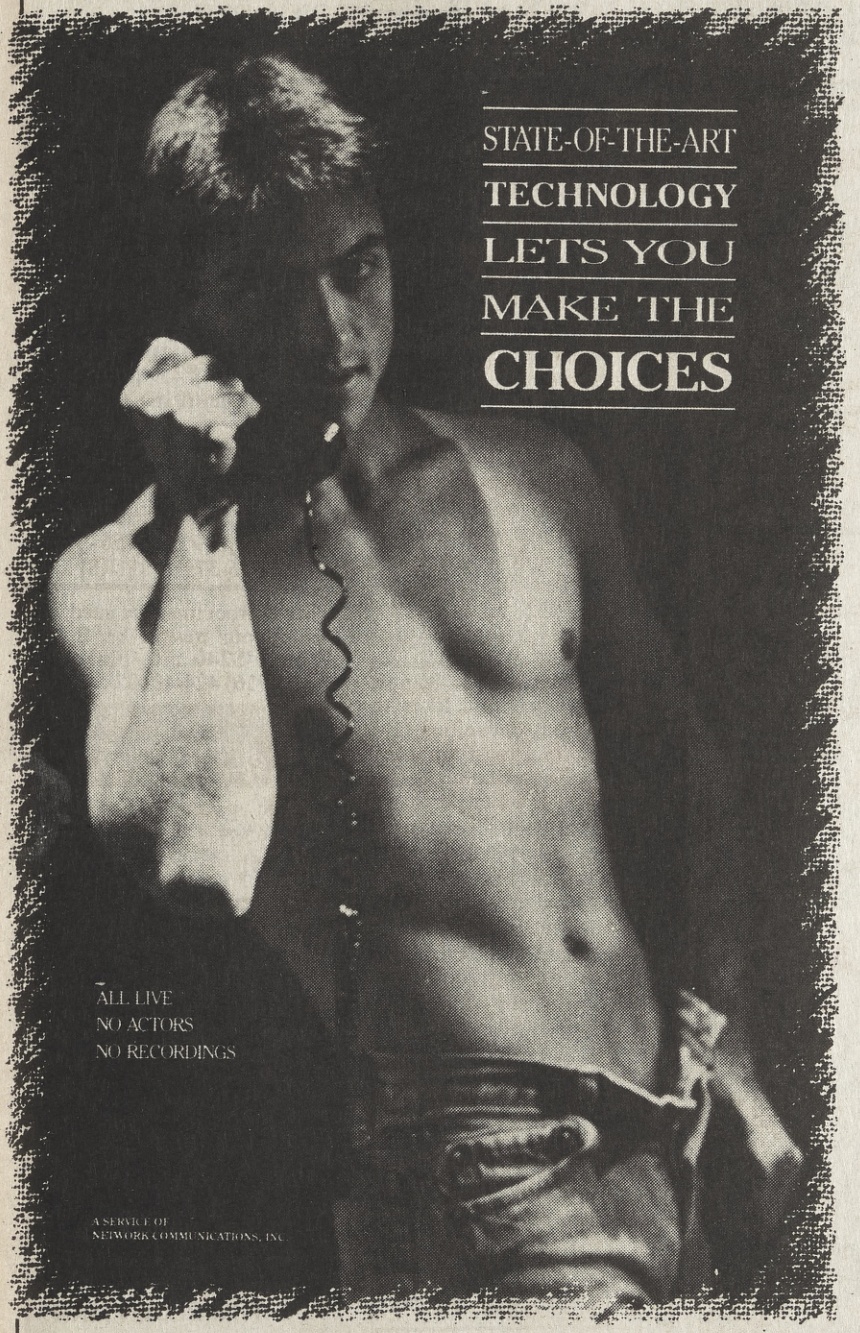

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If you have tested HIV positive but have not yet developed AIDS or ARC... there is something you can do.

Why is it important to seek treatment now?

Current evidence suggests that when left untreated, 70% of those infected with the HIV virus will eventually develop AIDS or ARC. The HIV virus attacks the immune system T-4 Helper Cells and as the number of T-4 cells decreases, the way is opened for the infections symptomatic of AIDS and ARC. Normal immune systems have between 500-1400 T-4 cells, but in most AIDS patients this level has dropped below 100.

Many physicians who have worked with the HIV virus think that early treatment to prevent deterioration of the immune system (T-4 cells) is the best course of action to slow or stop the progression to AIDS.

What is Positive Action treatment?

Positive Action HealthCare is an outpatient program of preventive medicine attempting to maintain the health of your immune system (T-4 cells) at a level sufficient to ward off the onset of infections associated with AIDS.

This treatment is not a cure for AIDS and is not intended for those whose immune systems have deteriorated to the point of AIDS or ARC infections. Those requiring such treatment are referred to physicians providing this type of care.

What does the Positive Action treatment consist of?

The specific treatment is developed between you and the Positive Action HealthCare physician based on the results of your initial physical examination. While each program is individualized, they all involve a combination of anti-viral medications to combat the HIV virus directly and immune boosters intended to strengthen your system.

Positive Action personnel closely monitor potential new therapies. As the therapies show evidence of effectiveness, they will be added to the treatment, depending on patient needs.

How effective is this treatment?

Based upon the experience with Positive Action HealthCare patients (dating to 1984), results have been encouraging. Monitoring of T-4 helper cells indicates that this treatment offers promise in slowing or stopping the deterioration of the immune system. The summary of results of treatment with the Positive Action protocol are available to patients on a monthly basis. However, there is no guarantee of the treatment and it is too early to project long term results.

What risks are entailed in the treatment?

Every medical treatment has its risks. Some of the risks of the medications used in the treatment protocols are known; others are not yet so clearly defined. The physician treating you will carefully explain the known risks, before you decide to enter treatment, and will tell you of other potential dangers of the treatment that concern careful medical practitioners in the field of immunology.

The Positive Action HealthCare Staff:

The Positive Action HealthCare medical group is headed by Alan S. Levin, M.D., assisted by a staff of scientists and physicians who are specialists in the treatment of problems of the immune system and have published numerous medical and scientific documents in this field. Dr. Levin has served as Adjunct Associate Professor of Immunology at the University of California, San Francisco Medical Center. In private practice in San Francisco since 1981, he established Positive Action HealthCare in 1987 to deal specifically with immune disorders related to the HIV virus.

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For more information or an appointment, contact Positive Action HealthCare.

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Allergy, Immunology and Environmental Medicine
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